

POISONED POLICE CHIEF CASE: PICTURES ON PAGE 9

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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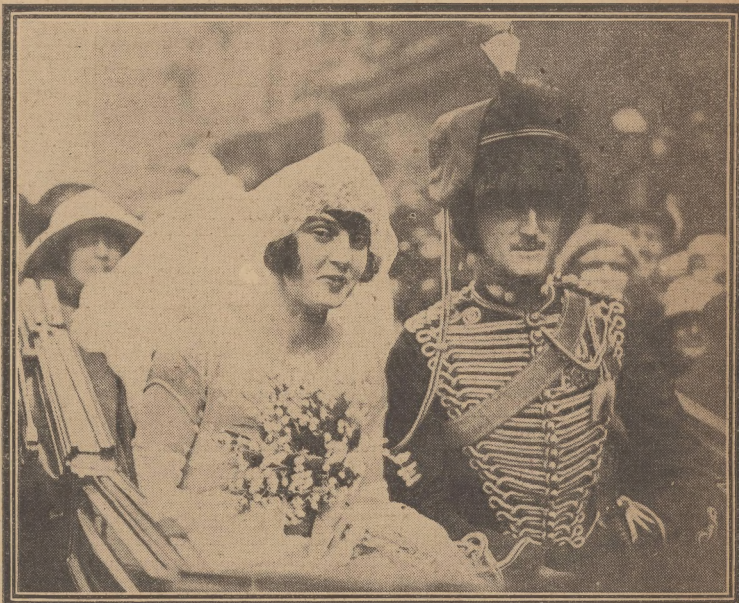
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1923

One Penny.

MILITARY WEDDING OF GENERAL'S DAUGHTER



The Hon. Kate Horne, daughter of General Lord Horne, arriving with her father for her wedding. Right, Major van Straubensee, best man.



Captain Hewson, in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery, with his bride.



Police keeping back the crowd of eager spectators at St. Mark's, North Audley-street.



The open bridal coach, drawn by a gun team from the Chestnut Troop, leaving the church.

Picturesque military pageantry attended the wedding yesterday of the Hon. Kate Horne, daughter of General Lord Horne, to Captain Arthur George Hewson, M.C., of the Chestnut Troop, R.H.A.

CO-OPTIMIST'S CO-OPTIMIST BRIDE



Mr. Laddie Cliff, the well-known Co-Optimist, with the little niece of the bride at the wedding, at All Souls', Langham-place, yesterday, of Miss Elsa Macfarlane, one of the famous pierrot company, to Mr. Clifford Whitley, a director. Inset, the bride and bridegroom.

ARREST SCENE IN POISON CHARGE

Court Story of Swordstick Threat to Detective.

TATAM REMANDED.

Weed-Killer Found in Garden and Sweet Fox in Bedroom.

Charged at Bow-street yesterday with attempting to murder the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police (General Sir William Horwood) and two Assistant Commissioners (the Hon. Trevor Bigham and Mr. Frank L. D. Elliott) by poison, Walter Frank Tatam, forty-two, of Balham, was remanded by Mr. Lyecester for a week.

A dramatic arrest scene was described by Chief Inspector Heldon, who said Tatam threatened him with a swordstick. In Tatam's bedroom the police took possession of a chocolate box with paper frills. Weed-killer tins were found in the garden. Sir Richard Muir said an important question would be the state of accused's mind. Tatam, it was stated, had been detained as a lunatic.

DETAINED AS LUNATIC.

Counsel Says Tatam's State of Mind Will Be Important Consideration.

Sir Richard Muir, in opening the case for the prosecution, said in the ordinary course only formal evidence of arrest would be given, but one of the Assistant Commissioners, Mr. Elliott, was about to leave for the Continent, and he would therefore give evidence that day.

A very serious question in this case, continued Sir Richard, will be the state of the prisoner's mind. Chief Inspector Heldon then gave evidence of arrest.

On Tuesday last, he said, he went to 225, Balham High-road, a servant opened the door. He asked for the prisoner. First he saw Mrs. Tatam, his mother, and then his father. Leading from the hall was a flight of stairs. While he was talking to the prisoner's father and mother he saw the prisoner arrested to-morrow.

"He came down the flight of stairs," said witness, "brandishing a sword stick."

The sword stick was produced. It had no handle, and the top was hand painted. It appeared to be a stick of Eastern design.

Witness, continuing, said: "He was greatly excited, and before I could say anything to him he said, 'I have written to the military at Aldershot about you and they will have you arrested to-morrow.'"

Witness said: "What, me? You have never seen me before. Are you Walter Frank Tatam?" "At that time," went on witness, he was standing about a yard from me in the hall still flourishing the stick. He said, 'I will charge you with attempting to murder me. I have stood enough from your people. You tried to murder me when I was down at Farnham. I have written to the Commissioner about you.'"

CHIEF INSPECTOR STRUCK.

Witness said: "I am a chief inspector from Scotland Yard and I want you to come there so that some inquiries may be made."

He at once started to unsheathe the sword and said, 'I will defend myself. You have threatened my life long enough.'"

Sir Richard Muir: Did he unsheathe the sword?—Yes.

Chief-Inspector Heldon, continuing, said: "Inspector Statham jumped to his right side and Sergeant Carter to the left, and they closed with him, while I got hold of him in front by both of his wrists."

Tatam said: "What am I charged with?" and witness replied: "You may be charged with attempting to murder the Commissioner."

"Accused then said: 'I have stood enough from you and your Commissioner for a long time past.'"

Witness added that Tatam hit him when he was being taken through the garden to a gate leading to Balham High-road.

CHOCOLATE BOX FOUND.

After taking Tatam to Superintendent Wensley's office in Scotland Yard, said the inspector, he returned to the house with other officers and conducted a search.

He found in the prisoner's bedroom a chocolate box containing some paper frills.

In the left-hand drawer of the chest of drawers in the same room he found a blank luggage label with some string on it and about forty-eight small plain cards.

In the garden he found two empty weed-killer tins. He also found a third tin containing weed-killer and a tin marked "Winter wash," which was half-full.

From a writing desk which Mrs. Tatam, the mother, said was her property, but which prisoner had access to, witness took a quantity of writing-paper and envelopes.

Continuing, Chief Inspector Heldon said that

when charged the previous day Tatam said, "I am not guilty." He gave his name and address and occupation as a horticulturist.

"I found the pocket-book produced in one of his pockets. On one page the name E. R. Horwood appears and an attempt had been made to erase it. The name was written in pencil."

Mr. Travers Humphreys (cross-examining): "Your inquiries are, probably not yet completed"—No, not by a long way.

Have you ascertained enough to be able to answer this question: Do you know that he was detained as a certified lunatic for some years?—Yes, sir.

GREEN PAPER PACKET.

Assistant Commissioner's Story of Office Table Discovery.

Mr. Frank Louis Dumbell Elliott, Assistant Commissioner of "B" Department at New Scotland Yard, gave evidence.

He was away from his office on November 4 and 5 last. On arriving on the 6th he found on his table among his correspondence a packet wrapped in green paper.

It was addressed to "Messrs. Elliott and Bigham, Assistant Commissioners, Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, Westminster." He opened the packet and found that it contained four chocolate eclairs.

Inside the packet was a card which had written upon it, "A good lunch and hearty appetite, Mr. Elliott."

He had compared this card with one of the cards handed in by the previous witness. It was the same in size and apparently in make.

"I have several friends called Mollie," said witness, "but not in that handwriting. I do not know anyone in the Balham district."

Sir Richard Muir intimated that this was all the evidence he proposed to submit that day, and the magistrate remanded prisoner for a week, and directed that the prison doctor's attention should be called to him.

OFFICER POSTILIONS.

General Lord Horne's Daughter Weds R.H.A. Captain.

Military officers in blue or scarlet and gold made St. Mark's, North Audley-street, resplendent yesterday when General Lord Horne's daughter, the Hon. Kate Horne, married Captain Arthur George Hewson, M.C., of the Royal Horse Artillery.

The open carriage in which the bridal pair drove was drawn by six handsome chestnuts. The drivers were three subalterns of the bridegroom's regiment.

The bride wore a dress of silver with train of silver and ever-shall-pink chiffon trimmed with antique Brussels lace. Co-Optimists Wed.—When Miss Elsa MacFarlane, the soprano of "Co-Optimists," was married to Mr. Clifton Kelly, a director of the company at Albury-place, yesterday, the Rev. Arthur Kelly, in his address, gave the advice: "I have an interest in football and golf."

"THE YOUNG IDEA."

Comedy of Sparkle by Playwright of Twenty-two Who Also Acts.

By Our Dramatic Critic.

"The Young Idea," a comedy in three acts, by Noel Coward, the twenty-two-year-old playwright, who acted one of the principal parts himself, was produced at the Savoy Theatre last night.

The young idea was simply this:—Gerda and Sholto Brent are devoted to a mother who is divorced from their father. With the intuition of youth they decide that their father has done the wrong thing; that he is fundamentally unhappy; and that he must be rescued and brought back home.

As crusaders on behalf of Wife No. I, they organise an attack on Wife No. II, who is induced to run away with a lover and so leave the coast clear for a reunion of the family.

But no bare account of the main theme of the plot can indicate what a delightful and original play "The Young Idea" is, nor how genuinely it has been conceived in the comic spirit. Nothing more sparkling has been seen on the London stage for some time. The young couple, played by Noel Coward and Ann Trevor, are as good as the children in Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

The play is perfectly acted. The cast includes Mr. Herbert Marshall as the father, Miss Muriel Pope as Wife No. II, Miss Kate Cutler as Wife No. I, and Mr. Leslie Banks.

Nothing at the London Theatre, is a grandson of the Dr. Coward who was for many years organist at the Crystal Palace.

NEW AIR S.O.S.

"May Day" as International Call for "Planes in Distress."

Arrangements for saving aeroplanes that may be forced to descend in the Channel have been given a satisfactory test during the past few days.

A new international distress signal has been found necessary, and for the time being it will be "May-day."

FATAL PROPHECY?

Nurse's Poison Draught After Fortune-Teller's Warning.

AFRAID TO GO HOME.

That she had worried over a prediction by a fortune-teller that if she ever tried to return to India she would never reach there, was suggested at a Worplesdon inquest yesterday as the reason for Alice Rosario, forty-eight, a Eurasian nurse, swallowing a fatal draught of half a tumbler of crocodolene.

This was taken from a bottle labelled "Poison," and was used for burning in a bronchial lamp. Death during temporary insanity was the jury's unusual verdict.

Her employer said that she had been in his employment as a nursemaid since 1920. He had suggested that she might like to return home, but she had evidently been frightened by the fortune-teller's warning that if she did so she would meet with an accident or shipwreck.

The actual prophecy, said her employer, was that if she attempted to return to the land of her birth she would never reach it. Either she would meet with an accident or the ship would sink. This worried her, and some time ago she tried to throw herself in a pond.

NAVAL PARADE DRAMA.

Sailor Detained in Portsea Crime After Woman Scans Ranks.

In connection with the Portsea murder, Scotland Yard detectives and a woman, yesterday attended at a general parade at Portsmouth naval barracks.

One man being absent a second parade was called, and the woman then identified a man, who was then present, as a sailor who was with Mary Felham, the victim of the crime, after eleven o'clock on the fatal night.

Inspector Mercer detained the man and subjected him to close cross-examination.

When the inquest was opened last night and adjourned for three weeks, Dr. Maybury said the woman was struck down with a bottle and then strangled with her own handkerchief.

KISSES IN PUBLIC.

Divorce Court Stories of Life in a Boarding House.

In the Divorce Court yesterday the case in which Mrs. Olive May Dodgson, of Kildare-gardens, Bayswater, W., seeks divorce from her husband, Mr. Eric Colville Dodgson, on the ground of cruelty and misconduct, was further adjourned.

Her accusation is against Miss Ethel May Lovegrove, who intervenes; and Mr. Dodgson accuses her of having been in a bad relationship with Mr. Wallace Kyle Henney. All the parties deny the charges.

Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., resumed his cross-examination of Mrs. Dodgson, who said that Mr. Dodgson had once kissed her in front of his wife, and that her husband had kissed Miss Lovegrove in front of her on the same occasion. Mrs. Rawlinson said she found her husband with Miss Lovegrove and asked if he thought her husband committed misconduct.

"Yes, I did think so," was the reply.

DECREE FOR NOVELIST.

Mr. A. Waugh Granted Nullity of Marriage—Bride of Eighteen.

A novelist and the daughter of a novelist figured in the Divorce Court yesterday, when a decree of nullity of marriage was granted to Mr. Alexander Waugh.

Mrs. Barbara Annis Waugh, who is a daughter of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, denied the allegation, but did not deny the suit.

Petitioner took the marriage took place at St. Peter's, Berkhamsstead, on July 29, 1919. He was twenty-four and his wife eighteen and a half years old at the time.

HER THIRTY SUITORS.

Wide Choice for Lonely Woman Who Sought Mayor's Help.

Suitors for the hand of the "very lonely" thirty-one-year-old domestic servant who wrote to the Mayor of Shoreditch (Councillor W. T. Smith) requesting him to find her a "man friend" numbered over thirty last night.

The tone usually adopted by the suitors is that of an applicant for a situation. This one headed his letter, "Husband Wanted," and continued, "I beg to tender myself to fill the said capacity, provided, of course, everything is satisfactory to both sides."

WIN 8,000,000 MARKS.

Entries for the great Daily Mirror competition for prize money totalling 8,000,000 marks close by the first post on Monday morning.

State clearly and concisely in 100 words what you think should be Great Britain's policy in regard to the French occupation of the Ruhr. The reader sending in the best opinion will receive 8,000 marks. The second prize will be 2,000,000 marks, and the third prize 1,000,000 marks.

HUNGER COT AT WHITSTABLE BAY.

Mother's Fight to Keep Her Home Together.

FAITHFUL NURSE.

Pathos of Actor's Family Stranded in Bungalow.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WHITSTABLE, Thursday.

On a wind-blown seashore overlooking the wide expanse of Whitstable Bay stands "Beach Cot"—a windowless, doorless wooden building.

In it live Mrs. Harran, an actor's wife, with her four pretty children and little Miss Wells, their "nanny."

Mr. Harran has been unable to find work since Christmas, with the result that, rather than go into the workhouse, his wife is making a brave struggle to keep together the remnants of their home.

All the furniture but a bed is gone, and the pantry is empty. Yet, still, Mrs. Harran, with the aid of friends and neighbours, hopes against hope that the "silver lining" will appear.

WORKHOUSE SPECTRE.

All Furniture Gone but One Bed and the Pantry Empty.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WHITSTABLE, Thursday.

Last summer the bungalow of the Harran family equalled its grander neighbours. Just before Christmas, however, Mrs. Harran's husband was unable to send his wife any money owing to the conclusion of his engagement.

Mrs. Harran, after spending all her savings, was faced with the problem of paying a weekly rent of 30s. for the furnished bungalow and finding food for herself, the four children and little Miss Wells.

Soon afterwards an attempt was made to obtain an ejection order, which was refused in the County Court, and later all the furniture was removed (except a bed belonging to Mrs. Harran). Beach Cot is now doorless and windowless.

Since then Mrs. Harran and her family have existed exclusively on the generosity of friends and neighbours, with the help of the faithful, heroic and unsalaried little Miss Wells.

"We took Beach Cot furnished for a year," Mrs. Harran told me, "and after the furniture had been taken away we applied for relief to the local authorities."

CANVAS "WINDOWS."

"They supplied us with food tickets for some weeks, but now they say there is only the workhouse. That means parting with Patsy and Bindie and Willie and—"

She stopped a moment to turn away, and then said, with a half-humorous smile, "I shall come and have a look at the horrors, won't you?"

Accompanied by Patsy, aged nine, Bindie, aged six, Willie, aged three, and little Miss Wells carrying Ian, aged one, we made a tour. Through the windows, which were covered with canvas, the February winds whined and whistled, and in one room where the family lives were the bed belonging to Mrs. Harran and a heap of blankets thrown in a corner for the children.

In another room a small quantity of coal lay, and the space where the front door had been was blocked up with a mattress and an old carpet. "This is our bedroom," said Mrs. Harran. "Beyond there is nothing in it—not even food."

At this juncture, little Ian, who was hungry and had been very brave indeed, broke down and wept on little Miss Wells' shoulder with the unrestrained emotion of a one-year-old.

And little Miss Wells, who was also hungry, wept with him.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—London: Intermittent rain or drizzle. S.E. England: Gale at times in exposed places. Lighting-up time, 5.48 p.m.

Severe earth tremors were felt yesterday at Aberllyn.

Jam Raid.—Unemployed marchers at Rugby broke into the workhouse storeroom and stole a quantity of jam.

Furnaces Restart.—Four more North Yorkshire blast furnaces are to be restarted, making a total of forty in operation.

Medals for 20,000.—Medals of over 20,000 officers and nurses who served overseas during the war are still under consideration.

Wedding Dress Stolen.—Burglars entered the house of a newly-married couple at Wood Green and stole the bride's wedding dress.

The Queen, Queen Alexandra and Queen Olga visited Mrs. Tylden at Ingoldisthorpe, Norfolk, on her 103rd birthday on Wednesday.

Liberty Bells.—Eluding his police escort outside Remford Police Court yesterday, an alleged bicycle thief was recaptured after an exciting street chase.

Youth's Big Brain.—At the Islington inquest yesterday on James Arthur Powell, seventeen, who died of gas poisoning after a quarrel with his sweetheart, it was stated that his brain weighed 60oz., the average weight being 48oz.



Mr. Lyecester.

Excavations at Toffee de Luxor

(By C. W. Harrison)

Showing various Frescoes, fragments of Vases, Wall Decorations, etc., recently unearthed.



When Tutankhamen's tomb was found.
By excavators underground
Unearthed appeared alongside Tut
A Tin of Mummified de Luxe.



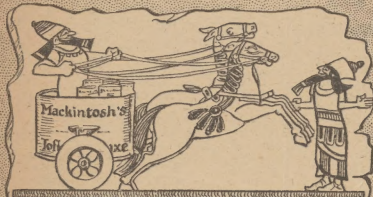
Famines came and Famines went
And that is why a fixed per cent
Of all the T. de L. they made
They put aside with care and laid
for storage in a Pyramid.
(You may not think so, but they DID.)



The Riddle of the Sphinx is one
Demanding rumination.
But you will need about a ton
Of T. de L. to help your brain
Through the heavy overtrain
Of seeking explanation.



After the many cores of State,
Pharaoh simply COULD not wait,
But called for a tin in terms irate
(And often stayed UP MUCH too late—
You should have SEEN the way he ate!)



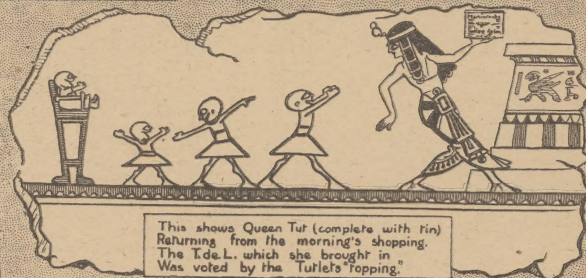
Delivery problems take some thought
But King Tut quickly chose and bought
Some Express-Chariots, steeds and all,
At pre-war price (they were so small).
(And now we know the origin
Of the famous Oval Tin!)



This piece of Sculpture is a find
Which shows the imaginative grace
With which the posters were designed
And put up in the market place



King Tut decreed that, as a basis
Of refreshment, each Oasis
Should include some T. de L.
With palm-trees round about it.
His subjects liked the custom well
And would not go without it.



This shows Queen Tut (complete with tin)
Returning from the morning's shopping.
The T. de L. which she brought in
Was voted by the Tutlets' fopping.



This shows the Sages' joy profound
When after toiling under ground
For many years, they found the "Books"
Of ancient Recipes de Luxe.

EGYPT, according to many wise folk, holds the great secrets of the world,—one day to be revealed, but whether its Pyramids and Treasure Houses hold such a wonder as Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe has yet to be proved.

What is more wonderful, however, is the

fact that a Pyramid of Toffee de Luxe is made every year, which rivals in dimensions these famous monuments.

But Toffee Town does not expect its "pyramids" to last thousands of years,—in fact, it knows very well that they disappear as fast as they can be made.

Which is as it should be,—for we are better pleased to send out pyramids of happiness daily than to build one which has to wait 3,000 years to become popular,—although everyone who has tasted of its deliciousness will agree that

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

would be worth waiting 3,000 years for! No need to wait, however—
the Confectioner round the corner has it NOW!

Sold by weight, 8d. per quarter-lb. Also in "Baby" Tins, 1/-; "Week-end" Tins, 2/-; "Junior" Tins, 2/6; "Family" Tins, 5/-

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1923.

BEFORE THE BUDGET.

THE URGENT NEED FOR ECONOMY.

THESE are the weeks during which the Government Departments are busy with their final revision of estimates for the financial year, beginning in April.

They are also weeks when deputations, large or small, make their entreaties for mercy—or lower taxation—to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Let us remark that the new Government is deeply pledged to economy, and also that it will be impossible for the Chancellor to announce any reductions in taxation if the Departmental estimates are not severely scrutinised.

Mr. Bonar Law has spoken about our present burden of taxation as "a terrible incubus pressing on the whole of the springs of industry." He has recently said that "retrenchment is one of the most essential things in our present situation." These are fair words. Let them be applied by Ministers, who should insist upon huge reductions in the Departments under their control.

We note that the League of Nations has been considering M. Viviani's report on the reduction of armaments.

In its usual academic and modest manner, it is about to urge the reduction of *this* form of expenditure on the Governments concerned, and those Governments are to inform the Council of the League, by next June, what they intend to do.

There is no need to wait for remote decisions.

The Prime Minister has admitted, again, that the "strength of this country depends as much on its financial and industrial position as it does on its Army." Thanks to the taxpayer, our financial position has improved. It would improve still further, if, for once, a concession were made to that taxpayer in millions off our swollen "fighting" estimates.

Lord Decies was saying the other day that we have made our Budget "rich" by making the taxpayers poor.

Let the Government now see—in spite of the accepted American burden—whether the Budget cannot be balanced by *saving*, instead of by penalising trade—by saving in the Departments, on armaments, and on our commitments in Eastern deserts.

"HARDENING."

THE large number of letters we have received this week on the question of bullying in public schools shows that the average parent is again anxious about conditions of life in these wonderful institutions which so much resent the slightest criticism of their levelling system.

The "public school spirit" is rather like that of a secret society—pledged to a blind loyalty.

Nobody must "tell tales out of school"—or in it either. And if anybody does tell them, *he* is told, in turn, that all that happens to him is for the good of his soul. Boys must be "hardened." School does that much for them.

One may perhaps be excused, however, for believing that this warlike world of ours does *not* primarily need "hardening," but rather softening, civilising, and bringing a little nearer to the spirit of the religion professed, but not practised, by a large portion of the Western world.

Cruelty and "hardness" are implanted, unfortunately, in nearly all of us. The problem (we should have thought) is rather to diminish than to encourage those instincts in the young.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity. A perpetual calm will never make a sailor.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Bullying at Public Schools—Traffic Precautions—When Women Gamble—Masks and Faces.

THE GAMES FETTER.

THE real reason why bullying is carried on to such a great extent at most public schools is owing to the tremendous importance attached to all types of games.

A boy who is at all inclined to show his dislike for them is treated very often extremely badly by both his equals and superiors at many public schools.

This is not only narrow-minded but unnecessary.

Bullying hardly exists at Eton—the reason being that a boy may take an intelligent interest in anything he likes other than games without being bullied about it.

The poor Blue Coat boy had mechanical in-

STREET DREAMING.

PEOPLE driving through the busy streets of large towns know by unpleasant experience two classes of pedestrians who are always a danger both to themselves and to the driver.

One chooses the streets (and preferably the roadway, it seems) for the indulgence in delightful day-dreaming. Girls of the impressionable age are, probably, the worst offenders. Musing, perhaps, on some matinee idol, they saunter of the kerb with heads in air, quite unconcerned about any cars that may be about to turn the corner.

Then there are the pedestrians who think "it looks big" lounge across a busy thoroughfare as slowly as possible, while they stare inso-

SHOULD MODERN WEDDINGS BE REFORMED?—No. 2.



Another objection! The difficulty of getting room to move!

terests, and did not take enough interest in Rugby. Hence his unpopularity.

Cannot this violent passion for games be somewhat modified in our smaller schools?

FLORENT ETONA.

"NO BULLYING."

IN reply to "Old Etonian's" appeal, I should like to say that as far as my experience goes bullying such as one reads of in "Tom Brown's School-days" and Lamb's "Christ's Hospital Thirty Years Ago" is obsolete in the Public School of to-day.

I was at Christ's Hospital myself for several years—but never as a big boy; consequently more recent events cannot have altered my point of view as regards the treatment of the younger boys, so that few people will consider me prejudiced when I say that real bullying was (and is) absolutely unheard of there; it would have been considered an outrage if a boy had been kicked so hard that he was still sore five minutes later.

To generalise from a single case is obviously ridiculous; if every boy who thought he was getting a "thin time" put an end to his life we should need a special daily paper to record inquiries on public schoolboys.

AN "OLD BLUE."

WOMEN AND BRIDGE.

WOMEN gamblers, I am sorry to say, are far worse to play with than men.

They are almost always bad losers. When they themselves make mistakes, they often have it understood that their partner was the original culprit in his call or his lead.

When their partner is indeed in the wrong, his life is not worth living for the rest of the game.

A FOURTH.

lently at the motorist, who has had to pull up short to avoid running over them.

Both these types are really unfit to live in a modern city. The harassed motorist may even think it would be no very bad thing if more of them disappeared quickly and painlessly.

TWO-SEATER.

THE MASKED BALL.

LET nobody bring back the mask to the ball-room without due appreciation of the possible results of his action.

While Harlequin may welcome a little pleasant dalliance with an unknown Columbine, let him pause to remember that there are wild men—highwaymen, pirates and impudently laughing cavaliers—who would think nothing of carrying off the lady under the nose of her husband!

Think of the intrigues and the heart-burnings of the Regency and of the French Court, when the mask flourished, and consider that there was danger as well as beauty in the bal masque. Pistols for two and coffee for one in Hyde Park would provide a startling sequel to a ball at the Albert Hall!

PRUDENCE.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 1.—The snowflakes (*leucocorymbis*) are a valuable family of bulbs, the most interesting species being, perhaps, *vernum*—the spring snowflake. This pretty flower should be found in every garden planted, if space permits, in bold groups. Already its drooping bell-shaped blossoms are beginning to open.

The summer snowflake (*astivum*) flowers in May and is greatly prized for cutting. This species grows to a height of 18 in.

E. F. T.

WHY DO THEY WANT CIGARETTE PICTURES?

THE SMALL BOY AND AN OLD CRAZE REVIVED.

By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

HAVE you noticed? The cigarette picture craze has begun again!

Of course (if you live in a city) you must have noticed. The persecution is becoming intense.

"Any cigarette pictures?" asks, every other small boy who passes one.

Generally they—the boys—are very small. One of them yesterday was about nine. Here is part of the mystery. How do these infants remember the pre-war question?

For, until recently, cigarette "pictures," those informative pictorial cards that you get with packets of some popular brands of cigarettes, have been unknown to the present generation of small boys.

I should say that very few boys much under twelve years of age have ever heard the phrase till the last few months.

The pictures disappeared fairly early in the war, and they have only lately come back. Yet boys who cannot possibly remember them first-hand have now got pat the old street question as it used to be.

Is "Please have you got any cigarette pictures?" an instinctive request with a certain class of small boy? Or have fathers and big brothers passed on the exact old words? It is one of those small matters which raises interesting speculation.

And why don't small girls ever ask for these "pictures"?—Another mystery!

All sorts of people appear to have been smitten with the desire to collect these returned cigarette "pictures."

SEEKING KNOWLEDGE?

A man who is on the Stock Exchange tells me that they have there a kind of "exchange" for the cards. Members who are collecting for themselves, or for their sons, meet daily and traffic duplicates for "pictures" they have not got, I understand.

And yesterday, when an omnibus inspector asked me to show him my ticket, and I brought out with it a cigarette card, he at once said, "Excuse me, sir, but if you don't want that yourself—" But I did want it, as it happened. My small son is a perfect demon in pursuit of these "pictures" just now.

Most of them run in series. There is one capital collection called the "Do You Know?" series. Do you know, for instance, how a limpet clings to a rock? How to find the Pole-star? What the Royal Standard is? Why the salmon leaps? Why a Scotsman wears a sporran? The meaning of the barber's pole? Possibly not! So the more cigarettes you smoke the wiser you can become.

Another very interesting lot of "pictures" treats of the "Cries of London." On one side is a delightful old-fashioned picture, on the other are the stories of the cries and the words of them. Others I have come across recently deal with the colours of well-known racehorse owners, poultry rearing and management and artillery in action.

Let us therefore console ourselves for the trouble we are caused by supposing that the cigarette picture craze is a wholesome desire for knowledge in agreeable form!

Start
the day well
with
ENO'S
FRUIT SALT

£5

in CASH for users of BISTO

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The professor was absent-minded, as professors often are. As soon as he got into the bath he lost the soap and had to get another piece. Sometimes this went on until he had used up several cakes. One day he bought Swan Soap and found that it would float. He has used it ever since. It saves him getting out of the bath so many times.

The professor is typical of many thousands who use Swan White Floating Soap, not only for its buoyancy, but for its purity, its easy and luxuriant lather and apple-blossom perfume. For the bath, the toilet, and fine laundering it is supreme.

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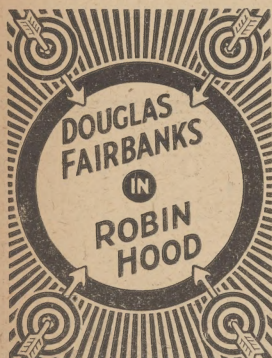
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ADOLPHI. THE ISLAND KING. W. H. BERRY. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat, 2.15. (Ger. 2645)
ALHAMBRA. (Ger. 929.) Evgs, 8.15. TONS OF MONEY. Wed, Sat, 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud, T. Walls, R. Lynn.
AMBAZADORS. Pinner's "SWEET LAVENDER". Nightly, at 8.30. Mats. Daily except Mon, 2.30.
APOLLO. Evgs, 8.30. PHYLLIS NELSON TERRY in "A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS". Mats. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
COMEDY. Every Evening, at 8.30. SECRETS.
CRITERION. (Ger. 3644.) At 8.30. Mats. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. BROMLEY CHALLENGER in "THEY'RE A CROWD". Mats. Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
COVENT GARDEN. Evgs, 8.10. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. (Ger. 646)
DALY'S. 8.15. Wed and Sat, 2.15. THE LADY OF THE ROSE. H. Wright, H. Welchman, I. Tremman, P. Darr.
DRURY LANE. (Last Weeks) DECAMERON NIGHTS. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed and Sat, 2.15.
EMPIRE. Daily, 3 and 8.45. Sun, 8. THE VIRGIN QUEEN. With Lady Diana Manners. Last week, 7.45.
EMPIRE. Mon next and Daily, 2.45 and 8.15. Sun, 7.45.
GAIETY. 8.15. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALTZ. By Oscar Straus. Mats. Thurs and Sat, at 2.30.
GARRICK. Evgs, 8.30. To-morrow, 2.30. "BIPPY".
GLOBE. 8.30. THE LAUGHING LADY. Marie Lehr, Leslie Fisher, Violet Vanbrugh. Mats. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME. Alford Lester and Variety Programme. Nightly, 8.30. 8.45. (Hamp. 6610)
HAYMARKET. To-night, at 8.30. "PLUS FOUR".
HIPPODROME. Daily, at 2 and 7.45. "CINDERELLA". Stanley Lupino, Clarice Mayne and Star Gact. (Ger. 650)
HIS MASTER'S. Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat, 2.30.
KINGSWAY. Evgs, 8.15. Mats. Thurs and Sat, 2.30. POLY. The Sequel to "The Beggar's Opera".
LITTLE. (Regent 2401.) THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE. Evgs, 8.15. Mats. Mon, Thurs, Sat, 2.45. Red Mat. H.
LYCEUM. Pantomime "Robinson Crusoe". Twice Daily, 2 and 7. 7.45 to 10. incl. tax. (Ger. 7617)
LYRIC. A Play with Music. "CINDERELLA". Evgs, 8.15. Wed and Sat, 2.30. (50th Perf. Sat next).
LYRIC HAMMERSMITH. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat, at 2.30.
MASKELVINE'S THEATRE. near Oxford Circus. 3 and 8.
PRINCE OF WALES. Evgs, 8.30. "CINDERELLA".
NEW. (Ger. 4466.) Evgs, 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
NEW THEATRE. THE LAST WALTZ. Evgs, 8.15. Mats. Sat, Wed, Thurs, 2.30.
BATTING BUTLER. Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Timmins.
PRINCE OF WALES. Evgs, 8.30. THE CO-OPERATIVE. 6th New Programme. Mats. Mon, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
QUEEN'S. Evgs, 8.30. HURLEBURD'S SIX WIFE. Madge Titheradge, Norman McKinnel. Mats, Th, Sat, 2.30.
RECENT. King's Cross. THE IMMORTAL HOUR. Evgs, 8.15. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. (Museum 2186)
ROYALTY. (Ger. 3855.) CHARLEY'S AUNT. Twice Daily, at 3.50 and 8.15. Last Week.
ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903.) Nightly, at 8.30. IF WINTER COMES. Owen Nares. Mats. Wed, Sat, 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES? At 8.15. LOYALTIES, at 9. Mats. Fri, Sat, 2.15. Last wks. SAVOY. To-night, THE YOUNG IDEA. At 8.30.
HOLDS MILLIS. Mats. Mon, Sat, 2.30.
SHAFESBURY. 8.30. Mats. To-morrow and Wed, 2.30.
STRAND. (Ger. 3830.) Evgs, 8. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in TREASURE ISLAND. Mats. Wed and Sat, 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE. 8.30. Mats. Tues, Fri, 2.30. "SNAP".
MAISE GAY. J. Nightingale, R. Roydon, H. Mundin.
WINTER GARDEN. "THE CABARET GIRL". Nightly, at 8. Mats. Thurs and Sat, at 2.15.
WYNDHAM'S. Nightly, 8.15. Gerald du Maurier in "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND". Mats. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. 2.30, 6.10, 8.45. Bruce Bairnsfather, Bom. Rudy Wells, G. S. Melvin, Russian Lilliputians, etc.
COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540.) 2.30, 7.45. Herschel Henle, Cathleen Nesbitt and Kettle Howard, Hawaiian Sextette.
PALLADIUM. 2.30, 6. 8.45. 16 Veterans of Variety.
LARRY LATE. Gertrude G. G. The Graham Singers, etc.
LONDON PAVILION. (Ger. 704.) 2.30, 8.30. Sun, 7.30. Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood.
NEW GALLERY. Daily, 2-11, continuous. Sunday, 6-11.
Betty Byrth in "Palace of the Princess". 3d. to 5d.
PALACE THEATRE. "The Prisoner of Zenda". Twice Daily, at 2 and 8.30. 8.45. (Ger. 6834)
PHILHARMONIC HALL. Climbing Mount Everest. Film. Last week, 8.30. 1s. 3d. to 8s. 6d.
POLY CINEMA. Oxford Circus. "Last of the Mohicans". At 2.30, 4.55, 7.15, 9.15. Chaplin "Behind the Screen".
SCALA (NEW). Mac March in Film version of "Paddy the Next Best Thing". Daily, 3. 8.30. Sun, 7.30.
STYLISH PICTURE PALACE. Kingsway. 4.45 to 10.30. Monte Cristo. At 2.40, 5.40 and 8.40.
TEATRY'S THEATRE. Strand. "What's Wrong with the Women?". 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th. 11th. 12th. 13th. 14th. 15th. 16th. 17th. 18th. 19th. 20th. 21st.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A RT.—Make money drawing fashions; stamp for booklet. A. RT. Studios, 11 and 13, Henrietta-st, Strand, W.C.2.
CHOCOLATE CLUBS for Easter. Wanted immediately 2 spare-time agents, as manufacturers we offer special terms and excellent remuneration, finest quality hand-made chocolates only. Write direct; full particulars free—Nurses' Chocolates, 21, Havelock-buildings, Wellington-road, Leeds.
SMART Youth. 16-17 years of age, for Newspaper Office; S. must be good at figures. Write, stating experience, to Box 505, "Daily Mirror" Office, 25-29, Bonner-street, E.C.4.
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MILLER'S





Mrs. Grace Lovat-Fraser, who will be one of the judges at the PUNCH and JUDY Ball.



Mr. Noel Coward, the 23-year-old author of last night's play at the Savoy, "The Young Idea."

AUSTRIA COMES BACK!

Lady Elizabeth's Colour—Decay of Stage Elocution—"Rights" of Policewomen.

THERE WAS A MEETING yesterday afternoon at the Austrian Legation in Belgrave-square to form an Anglo-Austrian Society. Dr. H. A. L. Fisher, ex-Minister of Education, became president, and Sir Maurice de Bunsen vice-president. On the general council many distinguished people agreed to serve, including Lord Balfour and Mr. John Galsworthy. The new society will endeavour to promote a mutually advantageous relationship between the two countries. There is to be an important commercial section, and a literary and artistic department.

Famous French Journalist.

M. Gauvain, who has been criticising M. Poincaré's policy at Lausanne and Angora, is one of the most brilliant of the French journalists. He wrote a large portion of the volume in Lavisse's "History of France" dealing with the war, and his articles in *Le Journal des Débats* are obviously the work of an independent political philosopher.

M. Franklin-Bouillon.

M. Franklin-Bouillon, who is said to be likely to undertake another mission to Angora, has only just recovered from a bad bout of influenza, which compelled him to repair to the Riviera at a moment at which he had planned to visit London. It was still his intention to come to London as soon as his health was re-established; but the claims of Angora appear to be more pressing.

Pillar of Orthodoxy.

Dean Wace, of Canterbury, who is taking a strong line on the subject of Prayer Book revision, has long been a pillar of orthodoxy and a forcible controversialist. Heterodox professors at King's College, like Momerie, had an uneasy time when he was principal of that academy and little security of tenure.

The "Orlando" Family.

Lady Honor Ward's fiancé, Major P. C. Bridgeman, is a connection of the Earl of Bradford, and his father, like all the men of that family, bears the name of Orlando amongst others—a custom which is rigorously adhered to. Lord Bradford's Christian name is Orlando; and his brothers, Richard and Henry, were also given that name, the idea being that every Bridgeman who has that romantic Christian name may easily be recognised as one of the family.

Fame at Twenty.

A young American actress of great beauty, Miss Tallulah Bankhead, is visiting London and staying at the Ritz. Miss Bankhead, who is only twenty, is a daughter of Senator Bankhead, and made a great personal success in New York in the play "Nice People."

To the States.

The Earl and Countess of Middleton have gone for a visit to the United States, but hope to be back in March. Lord Middleton is one of the "powers" of the Unionist Party, but is probably better known to the man in the street as St. John Brodrick—as he was at the time of the South African War, when he was War Minister, and invented the caps for long derisively known as "Brodricks."



Lord Middleton.

Young Family.

Lord Middleton's first wife, Lady Hilke Brodrick, died very suddenly of blood poisoning when on a visit to Lord and Lady d'Abernon (then Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent) at Esher Place, and some little time afterwards he married one of Lady St. Helier's daughters who had been a friend of his own girls for years. They have two young children, including a boy not yet three.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Lord Lathom at Davos.

Noel Coward, whose play, "The Young Idea," was produced at the Savoy Theatre last night, tells me that before starting rehearsals for the London production he spent seven weeks at Davos, where he was the guest of Lord Lathom. This young peer, though he is at present living in Switzerland, keeps alive his active interest in the London theatre. He was associated with Mr. James B. Fagan's last season at the Court Theatre.

Dr. Barry on the Stage.

I am reminded by a correspondent that the man-impersonating Dr. Barry, to whom I referred yesterday, once formed the subject of a play. "Dr. James Barry," by Olga Roester and Jessica Grove, was produced at a special matinee at the St. James' Theatre in July, 1919, and the part of Barry was played with great spirit by Miss Sybil Thorndike.

Miss Horne's Wedding.

The wedding of Lord Horne's daughter brought a brilliant congregation to St. Mark's, North Audley-street, yesterday. The majority of the men present were in pre-war uniform and only a few in khaki. The bride and bridegroom drove away in a landau drawn by an artillery team consisting of six bay horses with three subalterns as "drivers." The door of the carriage was decorated with silver horsehoes.

Sonia Comes Back.

Miss Constance Drever is singing in London again after a lengthy absence due to throat trouble. Miss Drever tells me that for over a year she lost her voice. But all is now well again. She will be appearing at Queen's Hall on February 15. Her most prominent stage part was as the heroine of "The Chocolate Soldier," when she used to sing the famous waltz song, "My Hero." She was also the Merry Widow in Paris.



Miss Constance Drever.

Double-Bass!

Serge Koussevitski, who will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra on Monday, was before the war conductor of the Grand Opera, Petrograd. He is a virtuoso on that rarest of all solo instruments, the double-bass. He has been to this country only once before.

Van Dyck Dresses.

Tea table talk yesterday was all about the Van Dyck dresses of the bridal attendants at the Poynder-Grigg wedding, and it was generally agreed that the effect was decidedly picturesque, but would have been even better if the little girls' clothes had been of brighter hues. The pages in their scarlet and plum looked delightful in the rather dimly lit church, but the girls seemed almost dull and sombre by comparison.

At the Reception.

Portman-square seemed to be a solid mass of motor-cars on the side leading to No. 20, and it took an enormous time to arrive at the reception, which was attended by many who did not go to the church, including Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, the latter in seal brown; and Lady Cunard (in light grey), who was talking politics, as usual. The happy couple were smothered with pink paper roses as they left on their honeymoon.

Lady Islington's Youth.

What a wonderful woman Lady Islington is! She looks as young as her daughter, and Lord Islington is immensely proud of them both. Lady Islington was a Miss Anne Beauchamp Dundas, and her marriage took place twenty-seven years ago. Lord and Lady Islington are very sad at losing their daughter—their only child—for she is idolised by them both.

Stage Whispering.

At the first night of "If Winter Comes" there were several demands from the gallery that the performers should "speak up." This sort of thing is always happening in West End theatres, and I fully sympathise with the people who cannot hear. Some of our leading actors and actresses are so "natural" in their method of talking that they appear to be telling each other secrets all the time. Others play to the stalls and forget that their subtleties are lost up in the gods.

Another "Blue" Wedding?

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, like Princess Mary, has a distinct penchant for blue as a colour, so that we may look forward to another blue wedding. It is certainly more universally becoming than most other shades.

The Classic Brow!

At Sir Timothy Eden's wedding his mother was still one of the best-looking women. Apart from perfect features, Lady Eden has been celebrated for the lovely shape of her head, and she always wore her hair closely brushed back, and gathered in a small knot at the neck.

Memories of Lord Steyne!

Mr. Allan Jeayes' fine performance of Lord Quilhampton in "A Roof and Four Walls" has been noted by people other than the critics. One evening last week he received anonymously a box of fifty fine cigars accompanied by a note reading as follows:—

You had creature! May an old woman send you this tribute to your wickedness? Smoke one each evening in the dinner room scene. You remind me of Thackeray's Lord Steyne. I am old enough to remember the Marquis of Hertford, who was said to be his original.

Woman's New Privilege.

The right of arrest has now been bestowed upon our small band of policewomen. Will they also, I wonder, be empowered to call upon any other women, as policemen may call upon other men, who happen to be passing to assist "in the King's name" when violent viragoes withstand them? I doubt whether the world is yet prepared for that particular assertion of the principle of sex equality.

French Suffragettes.

Although the Senate recently rejected the proposal to give the franchise to French women, the Paris suffragists are not disheartened and have just opened an intensive campaign. They are concentrating on the big department stores, which are now crowded for the winter sales, and "Votes for women" literature is handed to all-comers.



Lady Cruise, wife of Sir Richard Cruise, Surgeon-Oculist to the King.



Miss Marjorie Bower, who has been admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

Harcourt Tennis Club.

I find that the new hard courts which, as I mentioned the other day, are to be laid down at West Kensington, are not to be run by Queen's Club, but will belong to a separate organisation, namely, the Harcourt Tennis Club. The new courts, I am told, will be opened for play about the end of April.

John Burns at Wimbledon.

I was walking yesterday along the road which divides the Wimbledon Park Golf Club from the All England Lawn Tennis grounds (writes a correspondent) when I encountered the once-familiar figure of Mr. John Burns. His bushy eye-brows are now quite white, but in addition to his old alertness he retains his gift for pungent criticism. Looking at the grand stand surrounding the centre court, he said: "They couldn't have made it look worse if they had tried. It's like the purifying tank of a gas works."

"Candlemas."

To-day, which is the Feast of Candlemas, is associated with a number of strange superstitions. According to an old couplet:—

When the wind's in the east on Candlemas Day,

There it will stick till the second of May.

In Germany, it is said that the badger looks out on Candlemas Day and if he finds the sun shining crawls back into his hole.

From My Diary.

Happiness was not made to be boasted, but enjoyed.—Thomas Traherne.

THE RAMBLER.

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IN NEWS

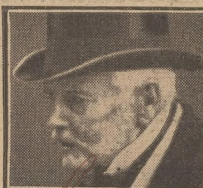
A TRIO OF FASHION



Prince George, who is convalescing on the Riviera after his recent operation for appendicitis, accepting a light for his cigarette at a gala dinner at Nice.



Mr. Orlando Cockrem, of Dunster, Somerset, who was badly burnt when his motor-car caught alight as he was underneath engaged on repairs. He crawled out and plunged into a river. The car was destroyed.



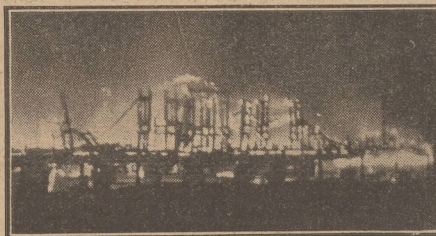
Mr. T. Dillingham, of Walmsgate Hall, Lincolnshire, who, though ninety-seven years of age, still rides to hounds, and was out with the Southwold pack this week.



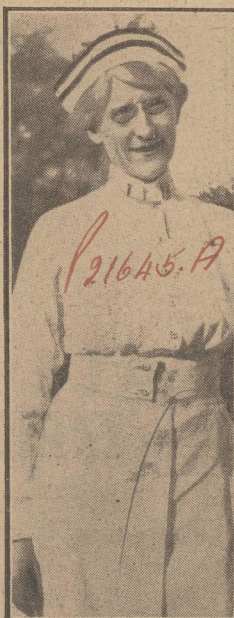
A gown of navy with a hat of navy and grey straw contrasting frock of noisette casha, trimmed with leather and worn with felt.—(Adele de Paris.)



STAGE SUCCESS.—Miss Nora Robinson, whose performance as the Eurasian girl, Daisy, in "East of Suez," at His Majesty's Theatre, London, has excited most favourable comment.



FIRE BY REBELS.—A Bray to Dublin train fired by rebels still burning fiercely though reduced to a glowing skeleton mounted on blackened wheels.



WOMAN ARMY CAPTAIN.—Miss Cora Thompson, head of the nursing staff at the Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, has been granted the rank of captain in the U.S. Army.



A dance frock by Fifinella in green taffeta decorated at neck and hem with an elaborate petalled design. Long ribbons fall from trimming to match at the waist.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mr. James Bonney, M.A., manager of the "Press," who has been denied at his home bridge.



Admiral of the Fleet Henry Bradwardine, who, at his home, has a room fitted completely with wireless and telegraphic apparatus.

POISON CHARGE SEQUEL TO POLICE CHIEF'S ILLNESS



Pillar-box in the Balham High-road, which, it is alleged, Tatam was seen to post a letter.



The accused's home, at which the arrest took place.



Walter Francis Tatam, aged forty-two, of Balham, who was charged at Bow-street yesterday with attempting to murder Sir William Horwood and two assistant police commissioners by means of poison. He was remanded for a week.



Miss Wells, the children's "nanny," with Mrs. Harran (right) and her four little ones.



Bindie arranging canvas over the windows, from which the panes are gone.



Bindie (left) and Ditty putting up a barricade where the front door formerly stood.



Ditty and Bindie on the bed, which is the only furniture.



Mr. Thomas Dryland, who served with the 7th Hussars in the Indian Mutiny, survives at Kingston-on-Thames, aged eighty-seven.



LIVE WIRELESS.—Miss Eileen Heath, the musical comedy and film actress, in the costume in which she will represent "Wireless" at the Cinema Club ball, to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Monday.

GET OF A FAMILY.—A windowless, doorless home, and dependence for their food upon the kindness of friends is the alternative to the workhouse which faces an actor's wife, Mrs. Harran, and her family, who live in the empty shell of a bungalow at Balham. With them is the children's old nurse, Miss Wells, who has remained with the family. The bungalow, once a neat and attractive home, is now practically devoid of furnishing. See news story.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

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CLYDE ...	1/-	SHORTCAKE ...	1/2
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HOME ...	1/-	ARROWROOT ...	1/3
KELVIN ...	1/-	NICE ...	1/3
CAPTAIN (Thin) ...	1/-	CREAM SANDWICH ...	1/4
CREAM CRACKER ...	1/-	CREAMY CHOCOLATE ...	1/4
MILK ...	1/-	DIGESTIVE ...	1/4
PARIS ...	1/-	DUCHESS CREAM ...	1/4
PRESIDENT ...	1/-	GISSY CREAM ...	1/4
SNOWFLAKE CRACKER ...	1/-	CHOCOLATE CREAM ...	1/4
SOCIAL ...	1/-	SANDWICH ...	1/6
TEA ...	1/-	CREAM ASSORTED ...	1/6
CAKE WALK ...	1/2	EMPIRE ...	1/6
CHEESE CRACKER ...	1/2	ORANGE CREAMS ...	1/6
COCOANUT RICH ...	1/2	TENNIS CHOCOLATE ...	1/6
CREAM FINGER ...	1/2	RICH MIXED ...	2/-
FINEST PETIT BEURRE ...	1/2	CRACKNEL ...	3/-
ABERNETHY ...	1/2		

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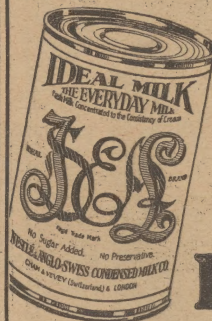
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Fry's

PURE
BREAKFAST
Cocoa

7 1/2 d. per quarter lb. tin



PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

A WARNING TO FEBRUARY.

Daily Mirror Office, Thursday.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Most of the months of the year have "Christian names" of their own; we thus say Merry May, Fickle April, Flaming June, Sweet September and so on. Nearly every month can claim some sort of adjective or title—except, perhaps, the present month of February, which has just begun.

What shall we call February? I remember last year I described her as "Frowning," and I think that was just the right word at the time. It was always raining or howling, or muggy or foggy—something disagreeable on most days, anyway.

However, February has started off this year in

a much happier frame of mind—there was bright sunshine as well as blue sky as I came to the office this morning. So I think we must find a nicer name for February—perhaps she will then remain nice for the rest of her twenty-eight days!

Let me see, how would "Fair February" do? No, February is hardly fair. "Funny Feb"?—no, that is not very polite. "Frosty," "Fulsome," "Fatuous," "Foolish"?—no, these names would never do.

Hullo, grey sky outside and drizzling rain! Now, I warn you, February—I want to give you a fair chance. Stop these mooping, miserable habits and cheer up, or I shall rechristen you "Frowning" as sure as my name is what it is!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

TACKLE THESE TEASERS.

If You Can't Do Them—Ask Daddy.

HERE are some ticklish problems for you to work out over the week-end. When you have done them (or given them up in despair) try them on daddy.

1. These are names of different animals, the letters of which have been all jumbled up:—
N I L O, S I B N O, E G R I T, P R O D A L E, P H E R N A T, E E L P O T A N.

2. Here are two jumbled words. The first is a noun, the second is the name of a very famous boy's book:—

(a) E E E E L N S S S S S S S; (b) B I N N O O R S C E O R S U.

3. There is a word which very much resembles a peacock's tail, because it has so many eyes (it's)—five, in fact. Its other letters are B, D, L, S, T, V, Y. What is the word?

4. Can you make sense of this sentence?

"I can travel first-class from 22222224444."

5. What dreary word does this "letter fraction" represent?

M

O

T

V

There, now, I think that's enough to drive you all crazy! If you manage to solve them, don't trouble to send in your solutions. And if you can't make head or tail of some of them, don't write and ask me for an explanation; the correct solutions, with full details will be published next Monday.

ODDS AND ENDS.

TEACHER: If you had three mincepies, four cakes, three buns and an apple, what would you have?
Little Mary: One pain, I think.

Timothy Tuck took a tuck shop to cook tuck.

If a woodchuck would chuck wood, how much wood would a woodchuck chuck? Just as much wood as a woodchuck would chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood.

How did they first discover iron?—Smelt it, of course!
What pets are eaten?—Crum-pets.

Old Lady: Where does this road go, little boy?

Little Boy: It doesn't go anywhere, ma'am. It just stays still!

Little Alice was saying her alphabet, but she got stuck at "T."

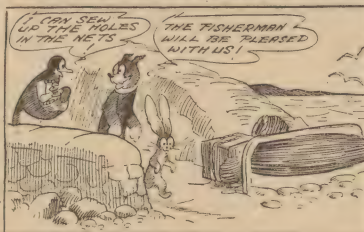
"Now, Alice, surely you remember," said her teacher. "What comes after T?"

"Supper!" cried Alice, triumphantly.

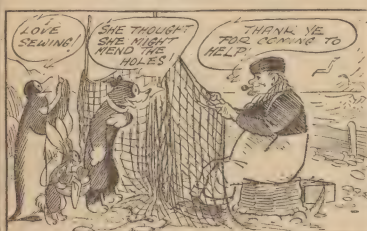
SQUEAK "MENDS THE HOLES" IN A FISHERMAN'S NET.



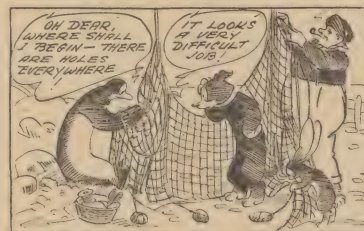
1. Strolling on the beach, the pets came across a fisherman mending his nets.



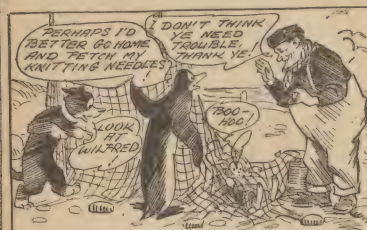
2. Squeak decided to help him, and ran back to Aunt Fanny's for her work-basket.



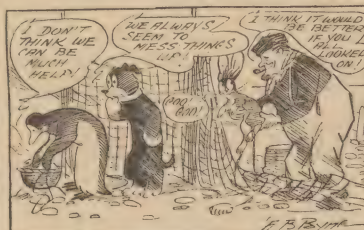
3. "I'll try and sew up the holes," said Squeak; "but aren't there a lot of them!"



4. Of course, it would have taken Squeak thousands of years to sew up all the holes!



5. She was wondering what to do, when Wilfred got entangled, like a fish, in the net.



6. The fisherman hauled him out. "I think you three 'critturs' had better look on!" he grunted.

For BETTER HOME MODELLING -GLITTER-WAX-

MOTHER makes flowers and vases; Bobby makes fine toys—all in brilliant colours and from the new modelling material—GLITTER-WAX. Glitter-Wax works soft, but sets hard. It is the only material giving many bright colours, having no smell, and which is clean to use. Glitter-Wax is harmless—it was awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene. All prices from 6d. to 10/- per box. Obtainable at all good class Stationers, Toyshops and leading London Stores, or send P.O. for 1/- or 2/6 for specimen box to the manufacturers, Comic Crayon Co., Ltd., Dept. D.M., 6 and 7, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.4.

Brilliant Colours.
Works Soft, Sets Hard.
6d., 1/-, 2/6,
5/-, 10/-



Insist on 'Allenburys.'

In the Cinema

A soft demulcent fruit pastille which, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a close smoky atmosphere. The Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are prepared according to the old French recipe; they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are astringent and effectively allay irritations of the throat. Of all Chemists. In 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins at 9d. and 1/3

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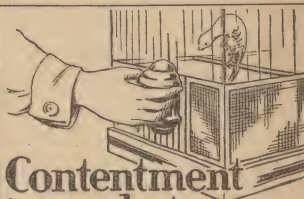
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Any seed mixture is not good enough for your bird. He needs a mixture prepared by experts, of many kinds of seeds, selected, blended, freed from dust, and put into hygienic packets.

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Spratt's prepare a mixture for every breed of cage-bird. Ask your dealer. Get also Spratt's Book, "Cage-Birds and Parrots"—most dealers have it, price 7d. a copy. If any difficulty, remit direct to Spratt's Patent, Limited, 24, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.



4 to 1 against you

Statistics show that the chances are four to one you will contract Pyorrhea after you pass the age of forty, unless you take proper precautions.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums. It keeps teeth and gums in a clean, healthy condition.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

Or send 2/6 for long-lasting tube to THE G. G. CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Brush your teeth with it



IF YOU ARE THIN

and want to put on pounds of solid, healthy flesh, go to your chemist and get a three weeks' treatment of Blood-Iron Phosphate and take one five-grain tablet with each meal. It's ten to one that you'll gain at least 2lb. a week; but if you aren't satisfied you can have your money back for the asking. Blood-Iron Phosphate is absolutely harmless; contains no dangerous or stimulant drugs, narcotics or alkaloids. All it does is to build up the nervous system and make rich red blood. People who have tried it say it is simply amazing to note the wonderful gain in flesh, appearance, strength, endurance, vim and vigour that almost invariably accompanies the use of Blood-Iron Phosphate. Better try it at once—costs nothing if it fails.—(Adv.)

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LADIES' MIRROR

SMART WOMAN'S "UNIFORM"—FLOWER SHOES.

WHEN a certain fashion arrives, achieves a success, and stays a success, you begin to wonder how you did without it and what on earth you wore before its inception. Take the simple, long-lined unadorned black morocain dress, for instance—that with its single hip



Fur allied to lace is always a pleasing combination, and here is a novel way of using it.

A SLEEVE NOTE.

Miss Barbara Hoffer, who plays the part of the sympathetic Nurse in "If Winter Comes," makes a pleasing appearance in one of these toilettes. The frock has a tunic-like effect with graceful folds at the waist, and is held in position at the side by a clasp in the form of five rows of jet buckle. The sleeves are long and form a point at the wrist, which is a point worth noting, for it is always from stage frocks we get the first hint of changing details of fashion. Her turban of black crepe georgette is surmounted by a sable ostrich feather, which, carried round from the left side and, curling gracefully, follows the line of the right side of the face.

TEA FROCKS.

Demure little taffeta dresses of the stay-at-home-and-pour-out-tea variety are adorned rather prettily with front panels composed of massed rows of narrow white Valenciennes lace, while pin tucks running vertically and slightly richer are a very favourite finish to chiffon velvet frocks. The one-side revere, turned back with vivid embroidery is just beginning to make its appearance.

PHILLIDA.



This simple dinner frock of Chantilly lace and georgette seems to suggest excellent renovation possibilities.



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"Odds On" LINIMENT

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER



"Alaine will do as her father tells her," said Miss Rawley, "and he, my dear Gordon, will do exactly as you tell him. You will win easily—in the end. There is no hurry."

SYNOPSIS.

"YOU have too much money, too few friends, too much time on your hands, no interests in life. Hearing this frank decision from a well-known specialist, Robin Marchant, young, handsome and strong-willed, decides to break away from his old life. He plans to go on a holiday, during which he will live the life of a tramp, sleeping in barns and existing on a few pence daily. Before starting he comes to the rescue of his cousin, Walker Ferrers, a weak, easily-led character, who is in the clutches of a blackmailer named Dulham.

Robin lends him the money and then starts on his holiday. One day, while resting by the roadside, he is observed by a beautiful girl. Taking him for a real tramp, she taunts him with his laziness and finally offers him work.

He accepts the offer and then finds that the girl, whose name is Alaine Farrell, lives at a fine old Elizabethan house. He sees her father, and after being engaged as chauffeur's assistant learns that a visitor, a Mr. Rawley, is expected.

To his amazement Rawley turns out to be none other than Dulham, the blackmailer! Luckily he had never seen Robin before, though the latter had seen him.

Rawley knows that the man whom everyone thinks is Alaine's father, Sir Geoffrey Farrell, is really an impostor named Collinor. He taunts Collinor with this, and threatens to expose him.

Finally he promises to keep silent, but the price of such silence is to be Alaine's hand in marriage. The girl, of course, is quite unaware of this.

Meanwhile Alaine finds Robin a home with an elderly couple named Biggs, who live in a small cottage. Bessie, Alaine's maid, takes a liking to Smith. This annoys Purvis, the chauffeur, who loves Bessie. There is a fight between the two men which Alaine sees from a window overlooking the garage.

After knocking the chauffeur out Smith takes his place in Alaine's small car. Out of obstinacy the girl complains of his driving and takes the wheel herself. She lands the car in a ditch, and as she is recovering consciousness is amazed to hear Smith referring to her in very endearing terms. He does not know she has heard him.

Rawley and his sister Nina come to visit Sir Geoffrey and the girl appears surprised to see Smith. She feels certain she has seen him before and suspects that he is Marchant.

Smith sees Farrell visit a lonely cottage where he meets a girl and a tall, strange-looking man. Rawley takes Alaine out in his car, but Smith follows just in time to rescue the girl from the blackmailer's unwelcome attentions.

SMITH'S RISE IN SALARY.

"WHAT the dickens does this mean?" exclaimed Rawley angrily. "Why are you following us in this manner?"

He had released Alaine, and as Smith opened the door she quietly stepped into the road.

"Of course," Smith thought to himself, "I want to punch this fellow's head, I want to thrash him within an inch of his life and throw him over the hedge, but I shan't—not yet! I'm saving that up for the grand finale."

Aloud he said, in a manner that suggested respect and deference that he did not feel:—"I found, sir, that I had sent you out without petrol and so hurried after you."

"Ah, ha—yes! Very foolish of you! Let me have some petrol now. Miss Alaine, I beg you will return to the car. It is most annoying, but the fellow has done all he can, so we must excuse him."

"I am sorry," said Smith, "but in the hurry of my departure I forgot to bring any spare petrol with me."

"What!"

"I propose to take Miss Alaine back, and then I'll get you some petrol and return with it."

There were many things that Gordon Rawley would have liked to have said, but he did not say them. Instead he remarked:—

"Miss Farrell will remain with me. Hurry back, my good fellow, and get me three tins of petrol. We will wait here."

But Miss Alaine had settled the matter for herself. She had stepped into her own car and seated herself.

"I will return with you, Smith," she said, "then you can get some petrol and return and liberate Mr. Rawley."

"But—but, Alaine,"

Rawley said.

"I think it better,"

she said gravely. She

looked down at her

wrists, red from the

contact of his fingers.

"Forgive me!" he

whispered. "Alaine, be

merciful!"

She did not answer.

"You are going to

get a whole lot of

mercy handed out to

you later on, Mr. Dul-

ham," thought Smith,

as he took his place at

the wheel. He turned

the car in the wide

road.

"One moment," said

Rawley, making a last

desperate effort. "You

get out, Smith, and

wait there with the car.

I'll run Miss Farrell

back, and—"

"You can't possibly

drive this car," said

Smith.

"Why not?" de-

manded Rawley

furiously.

"Because I don't

mean to let you,"

Smith said in a very

respectful tone. He

slipped into gear and

sped down the road. Once round the bend, he

slackened speed to little more than a crawl.

"Madam!"

"Why did you follow us?" Alaine asked.

"I explained, madam, that the petrol—"

"Why did you follow us?" she repeated.

"I thought it better," he said briefly.

"Why?"

"An idea."

"Kindly answer me more definitely and—"

more respectfully."

"Now she's off again," thought Smith. "If

I had rescued her from a raging lion or two she

would snub me, bless her heart!"

"Well, I just followed. By the way, please

accept my apologies."

"What for?"

"Making free with your car. It is not a bad

little jigger. I touched forty-five in her just

now, but then I've tuned her up, and—"

"You have not yet answered my question.

Why did you follow Mr. Rawley and myself?"

"I did not follow Mr. Rawley."

"I am trying to be patient with you," she

said. "I realise that you were anxious to—"

to—she paused—to save me from the annoy-

ance of sitting there waiting beside the road."

Exactly!

"It was considerate of you. I shall raise

your wages," she stared at his lean brown

profile. "By three shillings a week."

"He did not even blink."

"If you think I am worth so much," he said

humbly.

"I wonder," she thought, "why I long to box

this man's ears? It doesn't seem right, for he

has done me a service."

Another bend brought the gates of Oldstone

in sight. It also brought into a sight a young

lady hurrying, utterly forgetful of the fact that

she had recently strained her ankle.

Her eyes were bright and sharp and she saw

the white car coming before its occupants saw

her. As a matter of fact, at that moment they

were looking at one another.

Nina Rawley looked about her quickly. A

sturdy elm tree, one of a long row, stood handy.

In a moment she had adopted it as cover, and

had slipped out of sight behind the trunk.

The car was near the gates; the little trip

was almost at an end.

Smith put out a foot cautiously, touched

the switch, cutting off the ignition, and the car

stopped.

"Good gracious, is there anything wrong?"

"I am afraid there is. You see, a car doesn't

land in a ditch without upsetting its constitu-

tion for some little time."

Kindly get out and see what is the matter."

The elm tree stood less than ten yards away

and the young lady who had sought shelter

behind it waited. She dared not peep out round

the trunk in case she might be seen, but she

could very distinctly hear the voices from where

she stood.

"Have you found out what is wrong?"

"Not yet."

"It is extremely careless of you to bring out

a car in this unfit condition."

"You can't drive cars into ditches and then

expect them to behave normally."

Nina Rawley's eyebrows went up. She had

not expected to hear any conversation along

these lines. She took a risk and glanced round

the tree trunk. She saw Miss Farrell sitting bolt

upright in the two-seater, but of Smith there

was not much to be seen. A great deal of him

was hidden under the lifted bonnet.

"Smith, do you expect me to sit here all

day?"

Smith, examining a perfectly well behaved

carburettor, took no notice.

"There is a limit to even my patience," said

Alaine dry.

"But none to your impatience."

"What did you say?"

"I am afraid I was thinking aloud, Madam."

Alaine flushed. "Just now I spoke of advanc-

ing your wages. I really believed for a moment

that you, that you—were anxious to do your

best, but after all I—"

"It isn't the carburettor," murmured Smith.

"Smith, pay attention to what I say."

"I am afraid I was thinking about the car."

"Very well, I shall leave you to think about

the car by yourself." She opened the door and

stepped out. "I shall walk the rest of the

way. Another time you will not bring out a

car till you are certain that it is in proper run-

ning order, Smith."

"I shall remember your instructions!"

"And I hope that you will see to it, Smith,

that you mend your manners."

"Tougher!" thought Smith. "A walk will do

you good, my dear!" He pulled out a pipe,

lighted it, and stood looking down the road

after the slender, graceful figure with the

haughty, poised like head.

To Nina Rawley behind the tree this was all

amazing. Alaine very evidently did not know

who Smith was. There had been no tender

passages between them.

Smith's heart had been captured, it was

certainly not Smith who had effected the cap-

ture, which meant that Miss Rawley must re-

construct all her ideas.

"YOU'LL WIN IN THE END."

MEANWHILE, Smith, hands in pockets, was leaning against the radiator of the car, smoking his pipe, with a grin on his face.

Miss Rawley found that by carefully climbing down the bank on the summit of which the elm-tree grew, she could descend to the far side, walk along sheltered by the hedge and come out by the gate, a score of yards further down.

Alaine by this time had reached the lodge gates. She passed through without turning her head, just as Miss Rawley stepped out into the road, and, remembering her limp, adopted it.

"Here," thought Smith, "is the black-eyed Nina, who represents two thousand sovereigns of mine gone west."

He touched his cap.

"Oh! I thought it was—!" she began.

"Yes madam!"

"You are Smith, aren't you, from Oldstone? I have been rather foolish. I strained by ankle, and, instead of resting, I—I—oh, dear! It is most painful."

"I am sure it must be," said Smith.

"Are you waiting for anyone? Might I get into the car? It would be such a relief to rest for a moment."

He opened the door and she entered.

Of course, this was the man, she decided. There was not the smallest doubt about it. He was Robin Marchant, who, if not exactly a millionaire, was, at any rate, a very good imitation of one.

He was here, being snubbed by a girl with

whom, beyond the vestige of a doubt, he was certainly no more in love than she was in love with him.

The scene just enacted had all been real, not put on, and played for her benefit. They could not possibly have known that she was hiding behind the trees.

And now Nina set herself to captivate the young man.

"I thought that I saw someone else in the car with you," she began.

"Yes, Miss Farrell was in the car with me, but she became impatient."

"She would! I am afraid she is not very patient."

"I've noticed it, madam, though it is not my place to do so."

He told her how he had let her brother go off short of petrol.

"And you took some to him?"

"I am afraid I did not; he is waiting for some now. I went after him to tell him he had not got much petrol, and when I found him he had not got any."

"Then," she said, "go and get some, and I will drive back with you. Poor Gordon!"

Mr. Gordon Rawley had cooled his heels and his temper for three-quarters of an hour when he saw the small white car returning. It held Smith and a lady, but he quickly saw it was Nina, and not Alaine.

The car also held the desired petrol. Smith filled the tank, touched his cap and re-entered the white car and drove away, his duty done.

Nina remained with her brother.

"Well, what does this all mean?"

"It means that I have found out several things."

"About her and that—that fellow?"

"Exactly. She does not know who he is, and dislikes him, as he, I fancy, dislikes her. We were quite wrong. If there is another man—and there must be—it certainly is not Smith."

"You are wrong!"

"I am perfectly right," she explained her reasons. "If you had heard the way in which she spoke to him, if you had seen the way she looked at him and the way in which he spoke to her."

"If you had seen the way she looked and spoke to me!" he cried. "Bah! It's all up so far, she is concerned. She won't look at me. It may be as you say about Smith, but—but she hates the sight of me. I am dead sure of it."

"She will do as her father tells her," said Miss Rawley, and he, my dear Gordon, will do exactly as you tell him. You will win easily—in the end. There's no hurry. And now drive on; it is a good opportunity for a talk."

He drove on accordingly.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

Mid-day Travel for the Million.

DURING the middle hours of the day when the 2d. maximum mid-day fare operates on the L.C.C. Tramways the penny has now a greater carrying capacity which the public have not been slow to appreciate. Bloomsbury, as everybody knows, is a mere step from the great Oxford Street shopping centre, from many theatres and from the British Museum. On the Subway Service connecting London's Northern and Southern Tramways your penny will take you all the way from County Hall, Westminster, to Bloomsbury. Other services will take you from Shoreditch to Bloomsbury for the same. These are only examples of journeys that can be made for 1d. during the middle hours of the day. There are many others.

For the Tramways Map and Theatre Guide, also List of 1d. mid-day stops, apply to any Tramways Inspector or to the address below.

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dividend, without payment or account of arrears. Listers favoured 31s., anticipating to-morrow's meeting. Generally Industrials firm. *Daily Mirror* shares were 4½. Associated deferred 511-15.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

Settlement in Favour of Will of March, 1919.

THREE CODICILS.

In the Probate Division, yesterday, the President, Sir Henry Duke, pronounced in favour of the will of Lord Northcliffe, dated March 22, 1919, with three codicils, dated June 13, 1919, June 23, 1920 and April 27, 1922.

Sir John Simon, K.C., for Lady Northcliffe, said an agreement had been arrived at by all parties.

Lord Northcliffe had left a number of documents expressive of his wishes and intentions—some of them in formal legal shape, others of a much less formal character.

As a result of the consideration by all the parties, it had become plain that the documents which Lady Northcliffe brought before the Court were documents which he (Sir John Simon) would not be in a position to propound or establish as duly constituted testamentary dispositions.

Lady Northcliffe now consented to these documents being pronounced against.

Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., who appeared for Mr. Prouse Arnholz, the first executor mentioned in the will of March 22, 1919, said that on December 21 last he gave proof in solemn form of the will and three codicils.

There was a fourth codicil, dated October 8, 1921, but they had been unable to establish it. Proper arrangements had been made with the persons interested in that codicil.

On the application of Mr. Given for the Attorney-General, Sir Henry consented to the insertion of the full and proper name of the "Printers' Pension, Almshouses and Orphan Asylum Corporation," as in the will as pronounced the word "Pension" had been omitted.

In pronouncing in the terms given above, Sir Henry directed that the costs of the proceedings be those included in the draft order, as agreed to by all parties.

SCOTS' NEW DRINK.

"Devastating" Mixture of Red Wine and Methylated Spirits.

Unable to afford whisky and beer, many Glasgow workers are taking to a new beverage—cheap Spanish red wine mixed with methylated spirits.

The drink is stated to be "very palatable, but most devastating in its effects."

POLICE ON TRIAL.

Counsel's Story of Attempting to Obtain Bribes.

OFFICERS' DENIALS.

Two members of the Snow Hill Division of the City Police—Reginald Scott Stanley (twenty-nine) and Edgar Thomas George (twenty-two)—were charged at the Old Bailey yesterday with conspiring to accept gifts from David Cope as inducements for forbearing to show him disfavour and of attempting to obtain bribes. Both pleaded not guilty. The hearing was adjourned.

Sir Richard Muir, for the prosecution, said Cope was a bookmaker carrying on business at a head office in Fleet-street and a branch office in Newbury-street, near the Meat Market.

The allegation against the police officers was that they agreed to accept bribes from Cope not to enforce the law in regard to street betting.

George's beat was in the neighbourhood of Cope's branch office, and on October 20 or 21 he called there in uniform, counsel stated, and said to Mr. Leslie, the man in charge: "I am on the beat. How much do I get?" Apparently he assumed it was a settled thing he should get something, and the only question was how much.

Leslie said that he had nothing to do with police constables and that he had better see Cope. Thereupon George rang up Cope, and put the question to him. Cope replied that he did not give anything to anyone.

Counsel went on to suggest that following the arrest of some of Cope's men, Stanley and George told Cope he would be arrested unless he paid £25.

Later, said counsel, the amount was raised to £25 each, and just as Cope was paying £30 two police inspectors, who had been told by Cope of the affair, came on the scene.

The counsel then made a statement that Cope was trying to bribe them, and they were trying "to catch him out."

Inspector Gosling, replying to Mr. Cassels (for the defence) said George and Stanley were both men of excellent character. They were still in the force on full pay.

David Cope, giving evidence, said the officers urged him to name a lump sum. Eventually he mentioned £4, and one of them said that was not enough for a drink and suggested £25.

CONSTABLE PROSECUTES HIMSELF

A police constable gave evidence against himself at Chesham yesterday for permitting a chimney to be on fire. He had laid the information against himself and was fined half a crown.

COMPANY MEETING.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND.

The American Settlement.

FAIR AND HONOURABLE TO EACH.

The annual general meeting of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd., was held yesterday at Cannon-street Hotel, E.C., Sir Alfred Lewis (Senior General Manager) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The chairman, in the course of his speech, said:

Turning to the Balance Sheet, on the liability side our paid-up capital appears as before at £9,309,416, but we have brought our Reserve Fund up to £9,600,000 by the addition of £12,359 transferred from the year's profits, which I think you will agree is a step in the right direction.

Our current, deposit and other accounts, amounting to £23,357,482 15s. 10d., show an apparent diminution of nearly £10,000,000, but this decrease is not really as large as it appears to be at first sight.

Certain liabilities hitherto included in current, deposit and other accounts have been transferred to liabilities for acceptances, endorsements, engagements, etc., because it was felt that the latter item described their nature more correctly.

It is not been for this transfer there would only have been a decrease of some £6,000,000 in the amount of our deposits—a very satisfactory feature in view of the reduction in the total amount of deposits of all the banks in the United Kingdom and currency notes in the United Kingdom and balances with the Bank of England amount to £33,073,765 18s. 5d., a slightly higher figure than last year, but one which gives a percentage of cash to deposits of 12.6 and one which, if taken in conjunction with the next item of £8,539,811 1s. 3d., representing our balances with and cheques in course of collection on other banks in the United Kingdom, cheques and drafts, etc., in transit, shows a percentage of total cash to deposits of 15.8.

Money at call and short notice at £13,900,102 7s. 6d. stands at a somewhat higher figure than last year, but the increase on the previous year's figures of over seven millions. The shares we hold in other banking institutions stand in our books at £2,678,750. Advances to customers on current and other accounts, £121,752,307 16s. 6d., stand again this year at a somewhat lower figure than in last year's balance-sheet, indicating in a measure, I am sorry to say, slackness of trade rather than any disinclination on the part of the Bank to finance the legitimate requirements of our customers.

The increase in the figure at which the Bank Premises now stand, viz., £4,112,522 11s. 2d., against £3,889,153 5s. 8d., in last year's accounts, is accounted for by the expense of the alterations in our Head Office and by the addition of new Branches as set out in the report.

The last entry on the sheet is a per contra entry setting out our clients' liability on acceptances, etc., and agrees with the corresponding entry on the other side of the account.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

I now come to what is perhaps to some of us the most interesting part of the balance-sheet—the profit and loss account—which shows (and I may say the balance is arrived at after not only the profits but realised bad debts, but after making as far as the keenest scrutiny can foresee ample provision for any doubtful accounts) an available balance of £2,743,407 2s. 6d., including £889,249 13s. 4d. brought forward from last year's account.

The dividend of 8 per cent. paid in July last, amounting to £744,759 5s. 8d., has already been appropriated from this amount, and the further dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, payable on February 2nd, will absorb a similar sum. After the deduction of these two items, the remaining balance at our disposal has enabled us (as I have already mentioned) to bring up our Reserve Fund to a round £9,600,000, to appropriate £100,000 to the Pension Fund, to transfer £100,000 to Bank premises account, and to carry forward to next year's account the substantial sum of £981,974 11s. 2d.

The very satisfactory statement of Messrs. Coutts and Co., which accompanies that of this Bank, shows, in common with other banks, some reduction in the liabilities which were due to them in 1922 to £17,480,879 4s. 8d., against £19,283,351 4s. 8d. in the 1921 accounts. On the other side, the main Bank of England and currency notes in the United Kingdom and balances with the Bank of England stand at £2,125,103 16s. 5d., and show a ratio of cash in deposits of 12.5 per cent. including balances with other banks, etc., £1,778,730 18s. 11d.—16.8 per cent., a proportion equal to our own. Money at call and short notice at £13,900,102 7s. 6d. shows a further increase of liquid assets. The remainder of the balance-sheet calls for no further remarks except it be to congratulate Messrs. Coutts & Co. on the excellent position they disclose.

It has not been an easy year in which to earn profits, not only has trade been bad but the rates have been high, and in order to obtain for our shares and in the discount of bills have been considerably lower than last year. The average Bank rate for 1922 was £3 14s. 6d. against £2 2s. 4d. in 1921, and fall in rates is reflected in other directions. For example, the brokers' call rate in 1922 has been averaged 19 1/2 d. against 14 1/2 d. in 1921, and the year's average Treasury Bill rate of £2 11s. 1/2 d. compares with £1 11s. 6d. in the previous year. I feel that under these circumstances the profits which are able to lay before you are in themselves a high tribute not only to the economy with which our business has been conducted, but also to the soundness of our management and the ability which the General Managers have devoted to the interests of the Bank, as well as to the real and lasting interest with which the Managers and staff have worthily seconded their efforts.

We must, I am afraid, recognise that the somewhat sanguine anticipations of a revival of trade in 1922 have not been realised, and that it is only

in isolated directions that there has been any semblance of prosperity.

In spite, however, of the depressed state of trade, I am glad to see there has been continued progress in the rehabilitation of our national finances. During the year that has passed the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been again able to effect repayments of our external debt amounting to £48,000,000 and during the same period £427,970,000 of maturing or short-dated securities have been converted into longer updated stocks and bonds, with an annual saving of interest to the country of £892,000.

We are able to record again this year an improvement in the position of our currency. At the end of 1921 we held bullion to the extent of 34.9 per cent. against the Bank of England and currency notes available for circulation. At the end of the year the basis of calculation this percentage of bullion has risen to 31.5.

Last year's Board of Trade returns also show a reduction in the adverse trade balance which at the end of 1921 amounted to only 180 millions against 277 millions in 1920, an improvement of 97 millions. It is only right to add that this reduction is chiefly due to the fact that our imports declined by 83 millions, rather than to what I should have preferred to see, an increase in our exports which are only 14 millions higher as compared with the previous year's figures, but which, if taken in conjunction with the result shows a further move in the right direction—and it must be remembered these figures reflect lower values.

The Board of Trade index number for wholesale prices for December stood at 155.3 as compared with 167.9 in the same month of the previous year, and of living index figure stood at 178 against 199 in the previous year.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE.

There has been no better barometer of the state of our national finances than the American Exchange, and the rise that has taken place in the value of the sterling which, at the end of last year, was 4.64 dollars, has since then advanced to the end of 1921, clearly proves that a progressive improvement in the credit of the country has taken place, a gratifying indication that the American people have made and the heavy burden of taxation we are still carrying are bearing some fruit in the shape of higher national credit. It is a gratifying indication to point out to you the advantages enjoyed by this country on account of the increasing value of the £ sterling in America, and the fact that, and from other countries, whether for food or for our industries (for which cheap raw material is now more than ever an important factor) the American people are providing for the service and eventual repayment of our debt to America is also materially lightened an improved exchange rate.

The result of yesterday's Cabinet Council as reported in this Morning's Press, is a landmark in our financial progress. Some people may think the rate of interest which we understand has been expected at the American Commission to recommend for the funding of our debt to the United States is somewhat more onerous than might have been expected, but I think it is a very wise suggestion which the debt was incurred and the purposes for which it was required, are taken into consideration, and it is fair and reasonable to suggest that we should offer the Government our sincere congratulations for the courage with which they face the situation and the decision they have come to.

Our thanks are due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and to the President of the Bank of England for the strenuous efforts they made at Washington to arrive at an agreement, and we also appreciate the conciliatory attitude of the American Commission, whose suggestions were met by the President of the United States and the American Commissioners. (Hear, hear.)

It would, to my mind, be unwise to embarrass the existing negotiations (for we must remember the terms of the agreement are subject to ratification by Congress) by entering into any discussion here of what the terms of the arrangement might or might not have been. In my opinion the high settlement of our debt to the United States is a high importance for I believe it will have far-reaching influences on the reorganisation of the finances of the world, and indeed, may induce other nations to efforts of a similar nature. (Applause.)

AGRICULTURE.

There is no doubt that at the present agriculture is in a most unfortunate position. The present cost of living makes it almost impracticable that there should be any further reduction in the chief item of the farmer's expense, viz. farm labourers' wages, but, on the other hand, the prices at which he can dispose of his products are, as a whole, barely sufficient to remunerate him for the cost of production.

Many suggestions have been made for affording assistance to the farmer, but the most important of them is one for the provision of extended financial facilities. This seems to me to imply that the Banks should be asked to extend their assistance to the farmer, and I do not think we should allow the matter to pass without comment.

Our farming friends, and although, of course, I naturally speak for ourselves, I am sure the same may be said of other banks—are amongst our most favoured customers.

After reviewing the various proposals submitted to us during the past year, I have no hesitation in stating that the fullest consideration has been given to all applications for facilities in connection with the ordinary requirements of the farmer, such as food stuffs, stock feed, etc.

As you will appreciate, we have a large connection with this important industry, and you may be interested to know that the Bank has been making advances to many thousands of farmers. This in itself is some indication of the widespread nature of the assistance we are rendering. The reduction of our customers, and it is unnecessary for me to assure you that every reasonable application will continue to receive generous consideration. The Bank is as a whole, nor the farmer as an individual, and the cost of the present depression does not lie at the doors of the Banks.

I regret I can suggest no heroic remedy for the present condition of trade, and if I speak with some diffidence about the future, it is not that I regard life with any feelings of despondency, but that I do wish to give expression to our very real and deep anxiety.

We have, I think, expected a more rapid recuperation of the trade of the world than has proved possible, but we have no reason to despair, and certainly some, though slow, progress has been made. When one considers the state of the world, the lack of transport, political unrest and the disorganised state of national finance in many countries in Europe, added to all our domestic difficulties, it is surprising that so much trade has been done during the past year.

We cannot tell what the outcome of the present position will be, but at all events we have the great satisfaction of knowing that the deep feelings of friendship between our great Allies and ourselves have not been disturbed by inability to see eye to eye as to the best method of achieving our common aim.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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the way home.*

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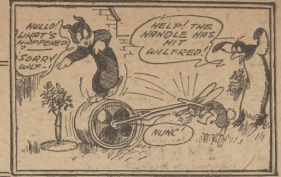
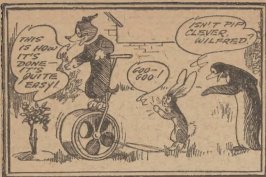
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The Daily Mirror

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Tear out page 11 and—

—give it to the children.

DIVORCE COURT STORIES OF "BOHEMIAN LIFE"

HALF-CENTURY AS A MAGISTRATE



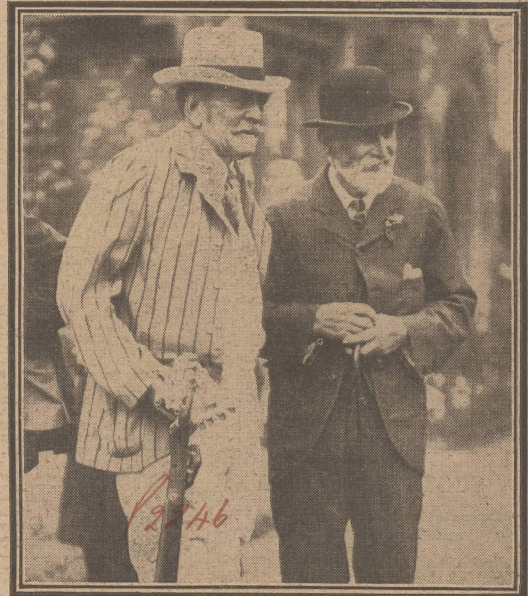
Mrs. Dodgson said yesterday Mr. Henney had kissed her in front of his wife.



Mr. Dodgson, who his wife alleged, kissed Miss Lovegrove on the same occasion.

Miss May Lovegrove (left) intervenes to deny Mrs. Dodgson's charge.

The cross-petitions for divorce in which Mrs. O. M. Dodgson accuses her husband, Mr. E. Dodgson, of misconduct with Miss Lovegrove, and he alleges her misconduct with Mr. W. K. Henney were continued yesterday. Mr. Henney said in evidence that boarding-house life was often Bohemian.



Lord Harris (left), the famous Kent cricketer, who, when he presided yesterday at the county petty sessions at Faversham, was congratulated on completing fifty years' service as a magistrate.



HANDY MEN AT HOCKEY.—A Cambridge forward breaking through the Navy's defence at Beckenham. After a hard game the sailors won by 2-1.



WELL GUARDED!—Dr. V. F. Allen's dogs within protecting arms, the fair owner of which is a keen spectator at the Hockwold coursing meeting.



ENGINEER BLOWN UP.—The workshop in Ousulton-street, Somers Town, where an explosion attributed to an escape of acetylene gas, killed Mr. W. Anderson, an electrical engineer. Inset, Mr. George Rivens, who made a gallant attempt to save him.



CAR HITS A SHOP.—The result of a collision between a motor-car and a shop at Portsmouth. But business goes on as usual!